

A FASHIONABLE SCHLATTER IN LONDON HIGH SOCIETY.

David Christie Murray Writes Up for the Journal the Extraordinary Cures by This Wonderful New Healer.

LONDON, Aug. 5.—Professor Atkinson is certainly a man of very remarkable pretensions, but he is really in himself a very remarkable man. It is some two or three years since I made his acquaintance, and little by little I have been drawn into a knowledge of his work, his methods and theories, and finally into something of a knowledge of the man himself.

He is a worker of miracles, but only on the grounds of plain science and common sense. He deals with dislocations of the bones and muscles, with relaxed or shortened tendons, with physical distortions and displacements of all sorts, and it is his pride and joy to get hold of the cases which for years have been pronounced incurable at the hospitals.

Any week night in the year he may be seen dealing with a crowd of such cases at his veterinary rooms in Wilton place where his poor non-paying patients gather—men, women and children who have been the despair of the hospitals, and who have

man for years a helpless cripple. The sufferer was a man of wealth, and every care and skill that wealth can buy was lavished on him. He languished for five years, and before he grew tired of experiment he tried everything that doctors could do for him. The regular practitioners had their turn at him, the electricians had theirs, the Swedish rubbers theirs. Nothing availed him, and at length he resigned himself to fate.

It happened that the Duchess of Sutherland, who is a friend of Mr. Lambton's, suffered an accident in the hunting field, and received injuries which threatened to be permanent. After trying the ordinary treatment in vain she was recommended by somebody to Professor Atkinson. She consulted him, and he cured her. Her Grace became